Only sixpence

TV COMIC

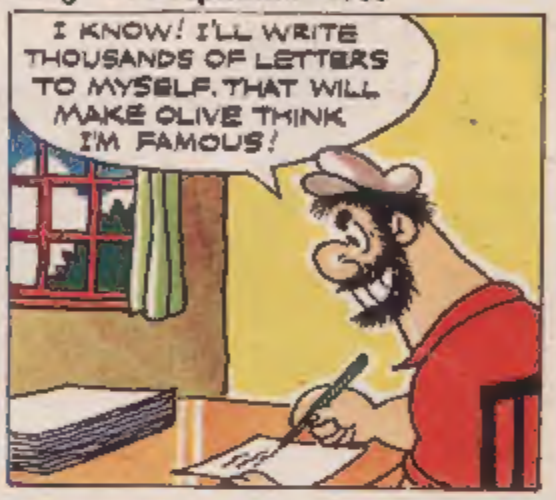
Every Monday

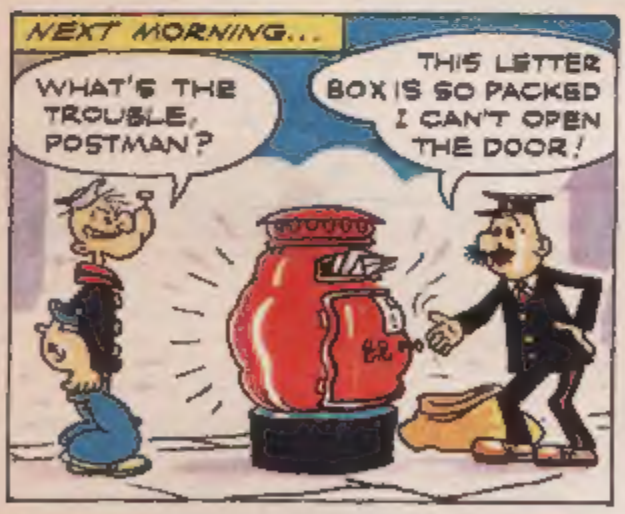
Week Ending 17th September 1966

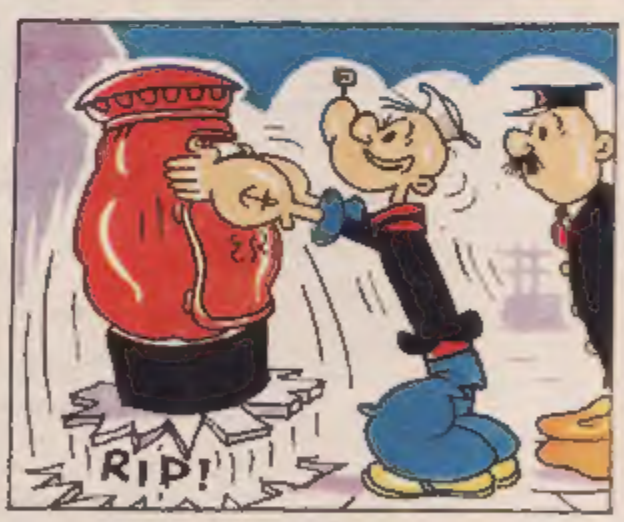
Number 770

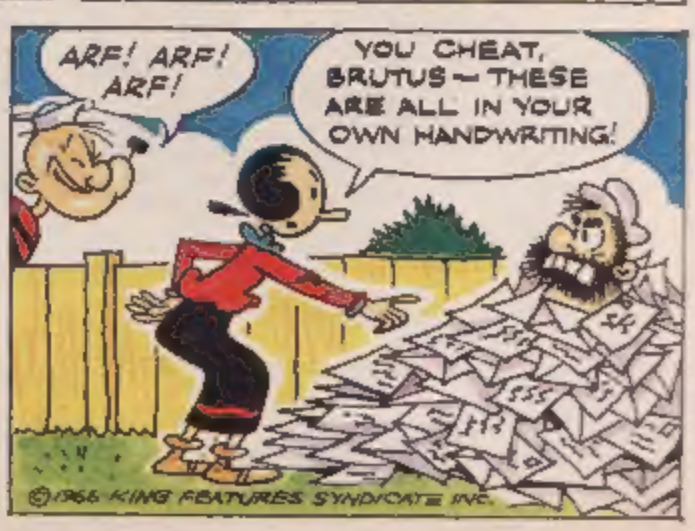
POPEYE

WATCH OUT, OLIVE — HERE COMES ME FAN MAIL!
OH, POPEYE, YOU'RE SO FAMOUS!
GRR! I NEVER GETS ANY FAN MAIL TO IMPRESS THE GALS WITH!
PUFF! PANT!
ROYAL MAIL









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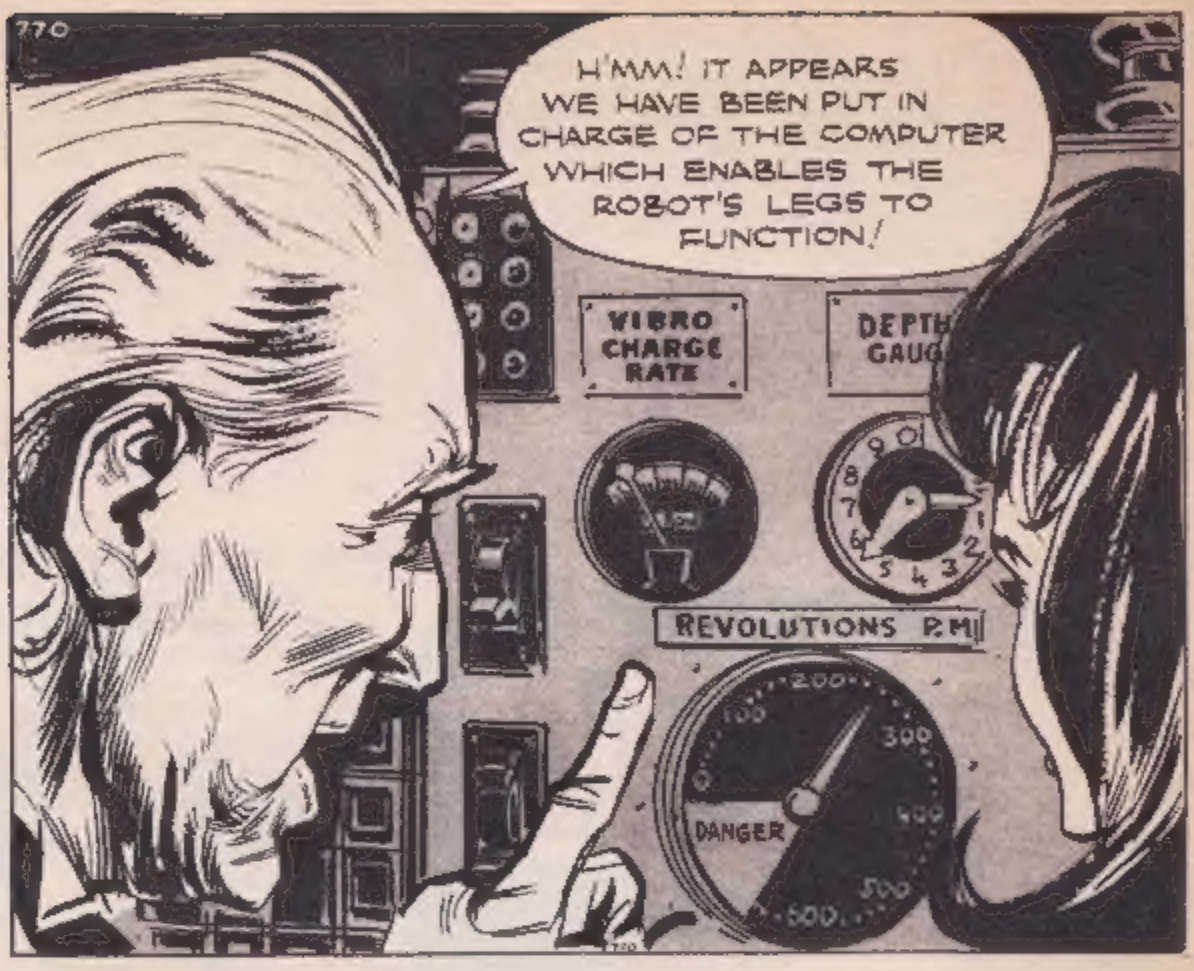
DOCTOR WHO

DR. WHO and his grandchildren have landed in a deep ocean on a remote planet. While exploring the sea-floor they are captured by a giant metal robot and taken before an eccentric professor, who controls the hundred-foot monster. Our heroes are sent to work in an engine-room in the chest of the robot, which drives the monster's legs . . .

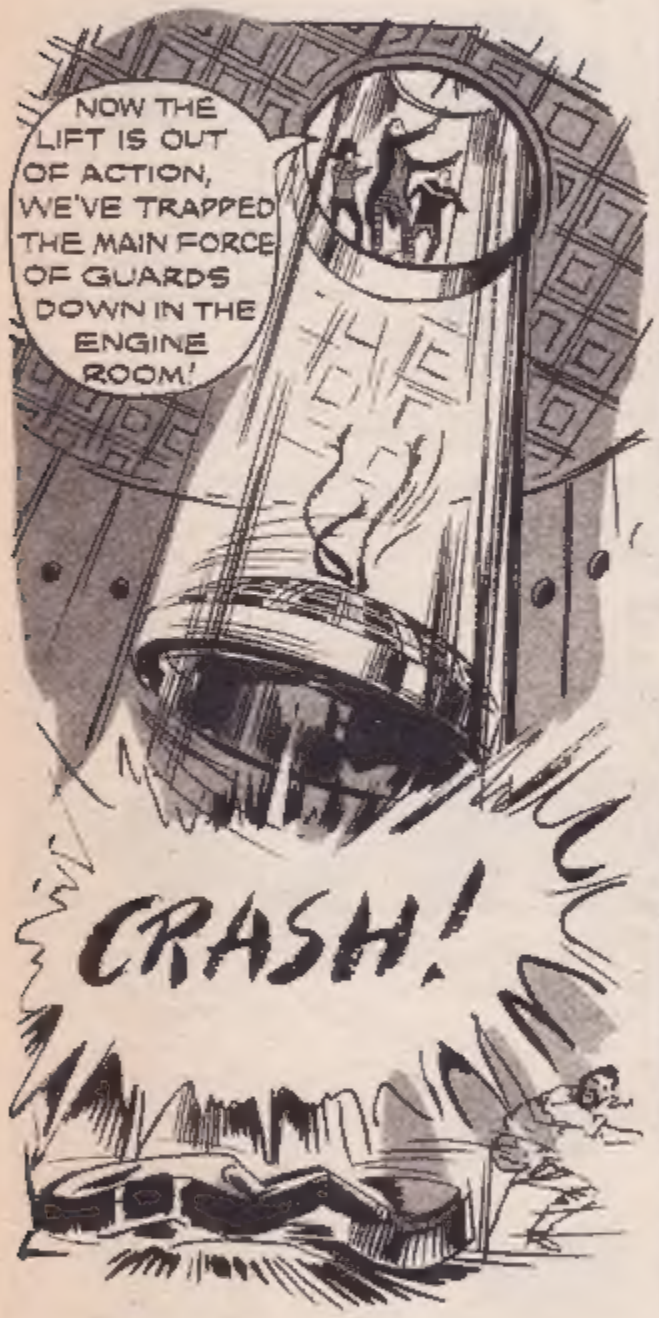

770
H'MM! IT APPEARS WE HAVE BEEN PUT IN CHARGE OF THE COMPUTER WHICH ENABLES THE ROBOT'S LEGS TO FUNCTION!
VIBRO CHARGE RATE
DEPTH GAUGE
REVOLUTIONS P.M.
DANGER

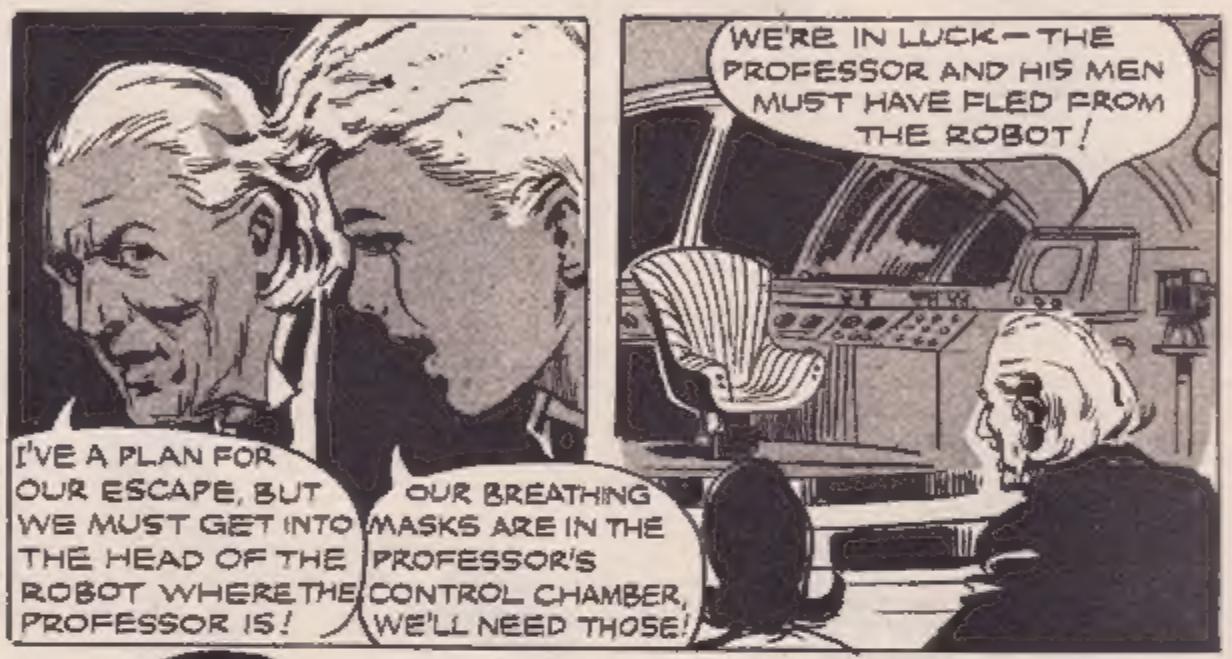
TOP PRIORITY NO 1
PULL DOWN ONCE EVERY 10 MIN.
IN ORDER TO WORK THE MONSTER'S LEGS PROPERLY WE MUST TURN THAT LEVER EVERY TEN MINUTES TO OIL THE MOVING PARTS...
... OF COURSE, IF WE DON'T, THE PARTS WILL GET VERY HOT AND CEASE WORKING, SO PUTTING THE LEGS OUT OF ACTION!
JOHN, I WANT YOU TO FIND ME A LARGE PAIR OF GRIPS, BUT MAKE SURE YOU'RE NOT SEEN!
I'LL DO MY BEST, GRAND-FATHER!

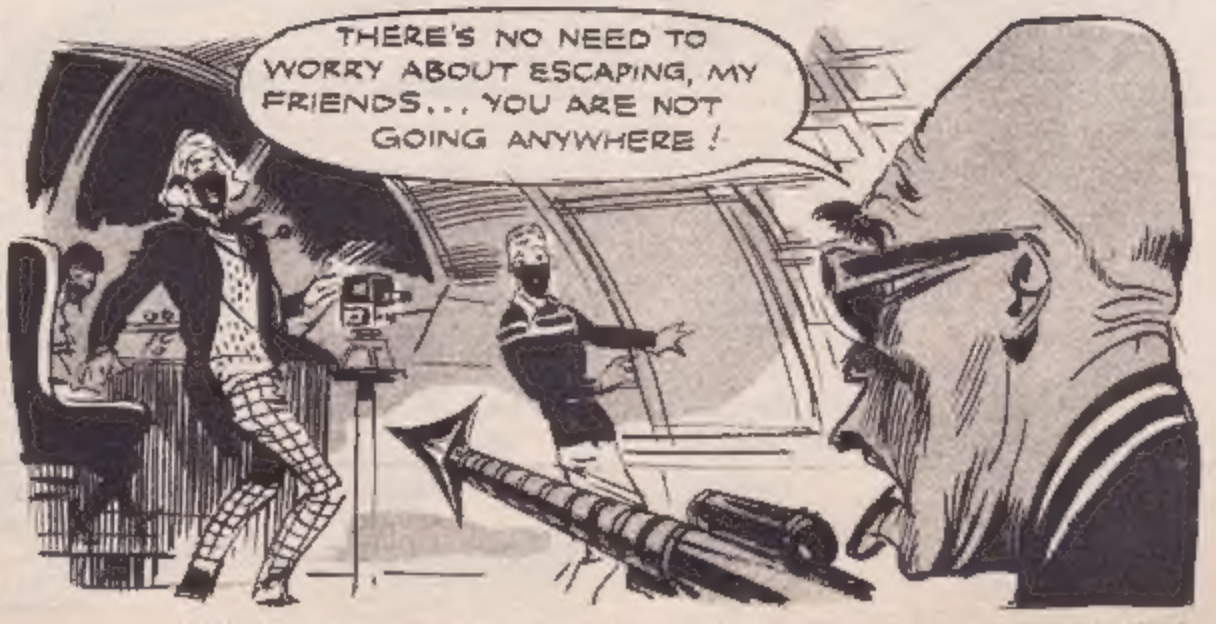
TWO HOURS LATER...
THE LEGS WILL GRIND TO A HALT ANY SECOND, CHILDREN. PREPARE YOURSELVES FOR A JOLT. HAVE YOU GOT THOSE GRIPS, JOHN?
YES — HERE THEY ARE!
HOLD TIGHT!
THE ROBOT HAS STOPPED — ATTACK THE GUARDS!

© BBC & TVA

FOLLOW ME, CHILDREN... TAKE TO THE LIFT!
WHAT DO YOU WANT THE GRIPS FOR, GRANDFATHER?
TO CUT THE CABLES WHICH WORK THE LIFT, SO THAT WE CAN'T BE FOLLOWED!

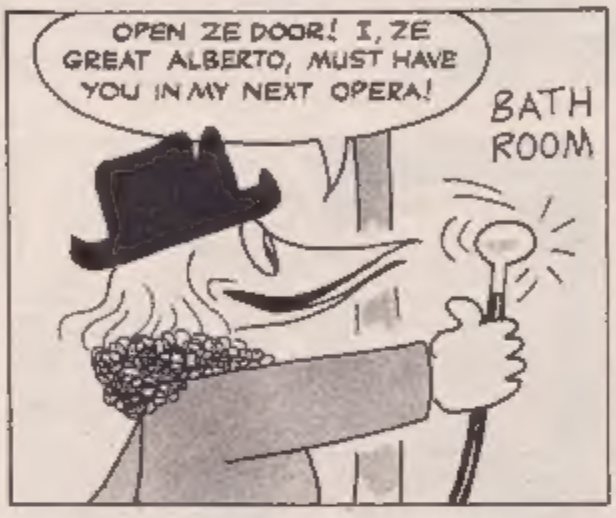


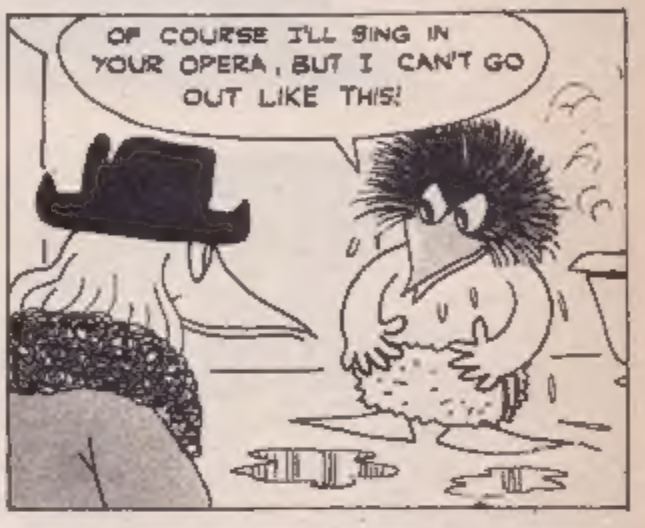

I'VE A PLAN FOR OUR ESCAPE, BUT WE MUST GET INTO THE HEAD OF THE ROBOT WHERE THE PROFESSOR IS!
OUR BREATHING MASKS ARE IN THE PROFESSOR'S CONTROL CHAMBER, WE'LL NEED THOSE!
WE'RE IN LUCK—THE PROFESSOR AND HIS MEN MUST HAVE FLED FROM THE ROBOT!

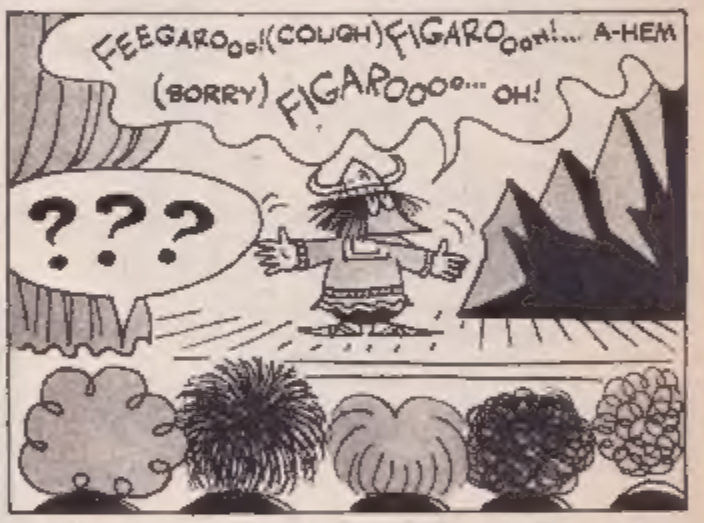


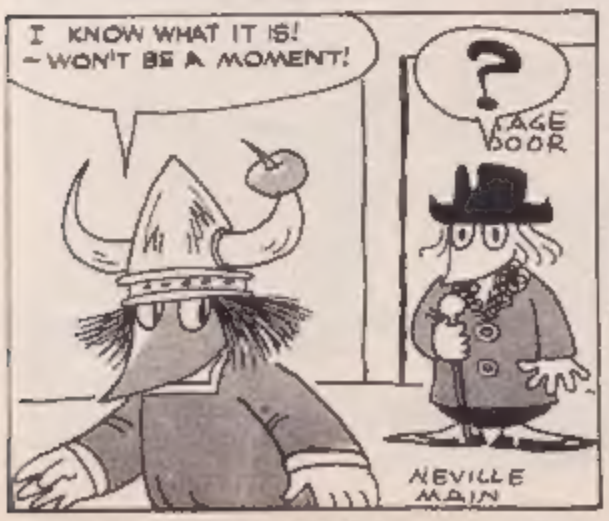
Will the deadly spear find its mark? Follow next week's thrills!

Tivvy









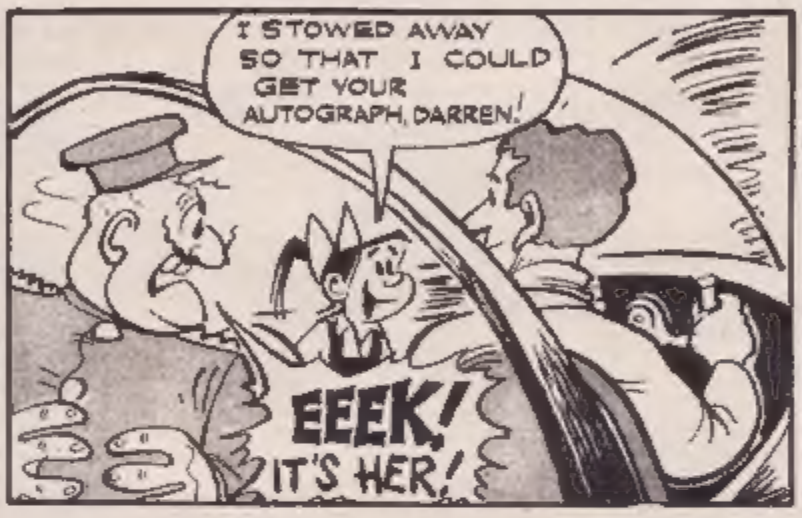
Tivvy created by Atelier Faunt, Finland

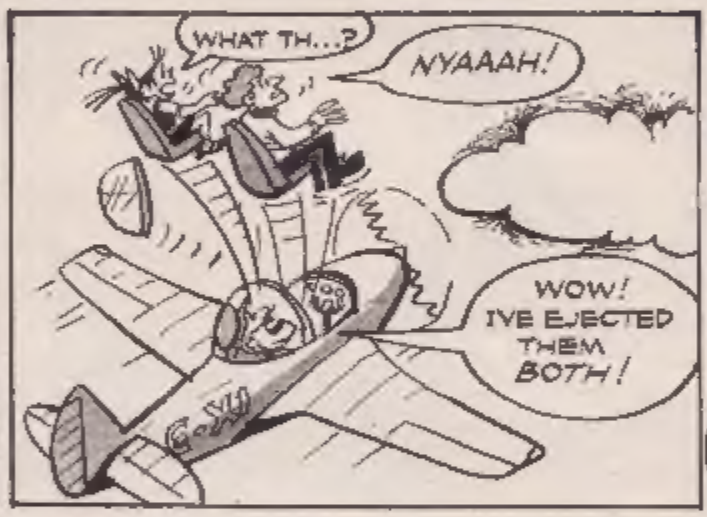
Fair fun at a fun fair with Tivvy next week!

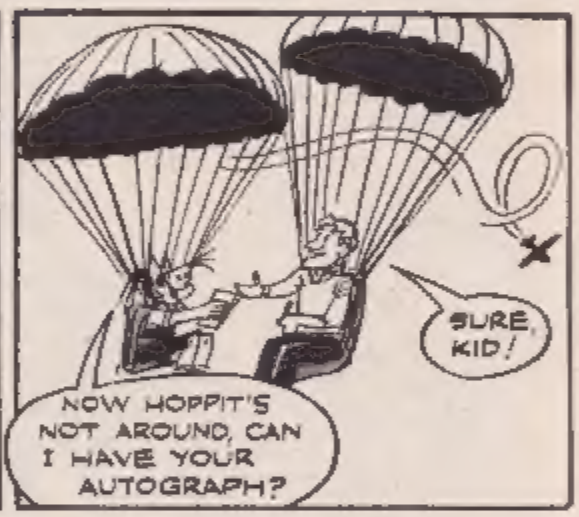
TV TERRORS

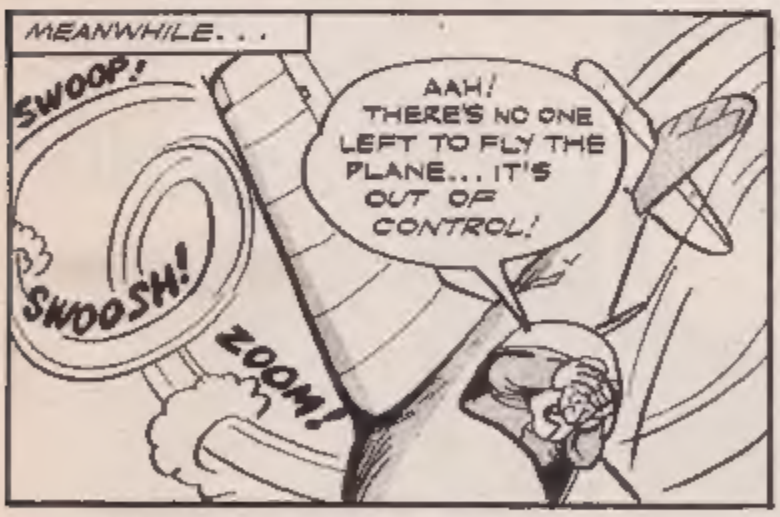
HALLO... HOPPIT CALLING THE TV BOSS... I'M ESCORTING DARREN REED IN HIS PRIVATE PLANE... WE ARE ABOUT TWENTY MILES FROM THE AIRPORT...
G-X1

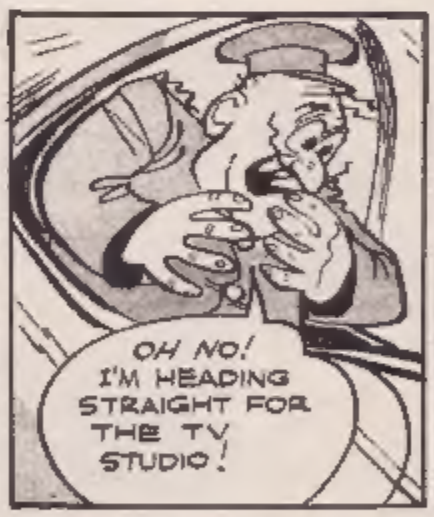
HALLO, HOPPIT... TV BOSS ANSWERING... I'LL MEET THE PLANE AT THE AIRPORT... SEE DARREN ISN'T PESTERED BY AUTOGRAPH HUNTERS!
LEAVE IT TO ME, BOSS!

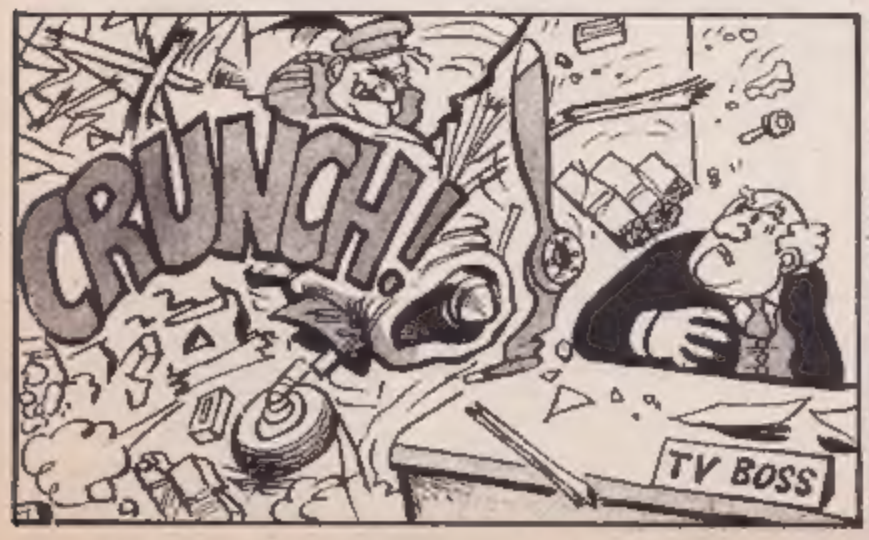


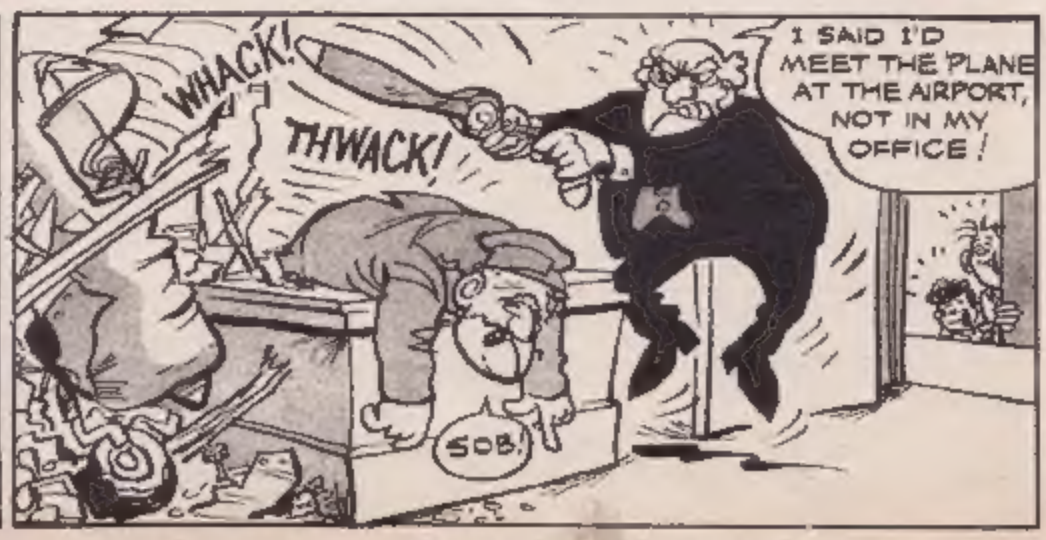








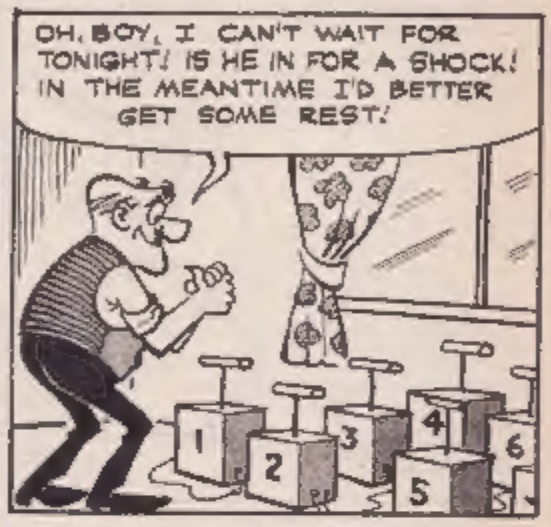


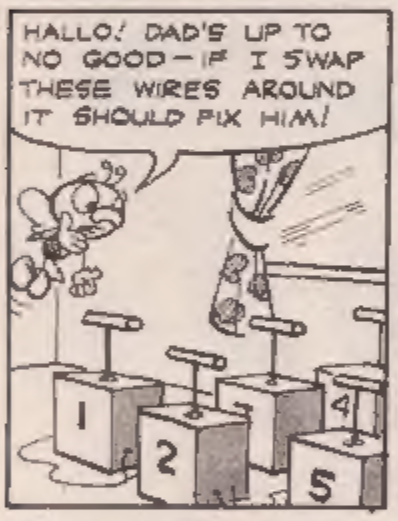


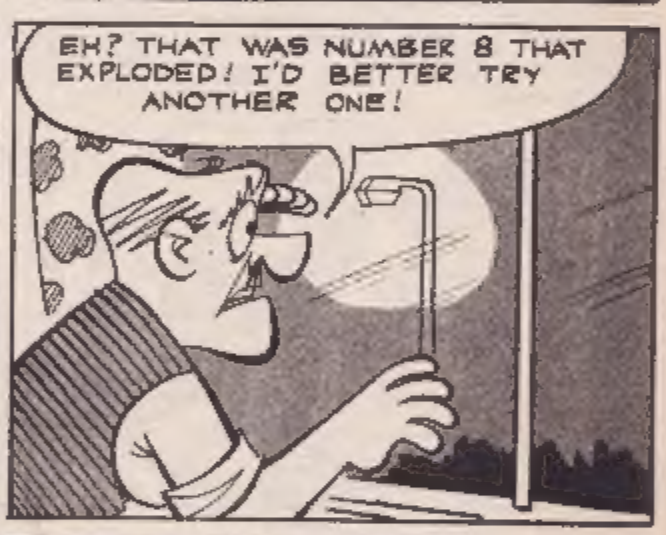
Spot's fate is in the balance next week!

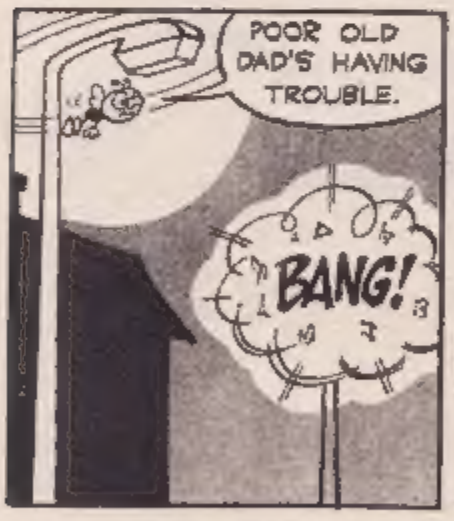
MIGHTY MOTH

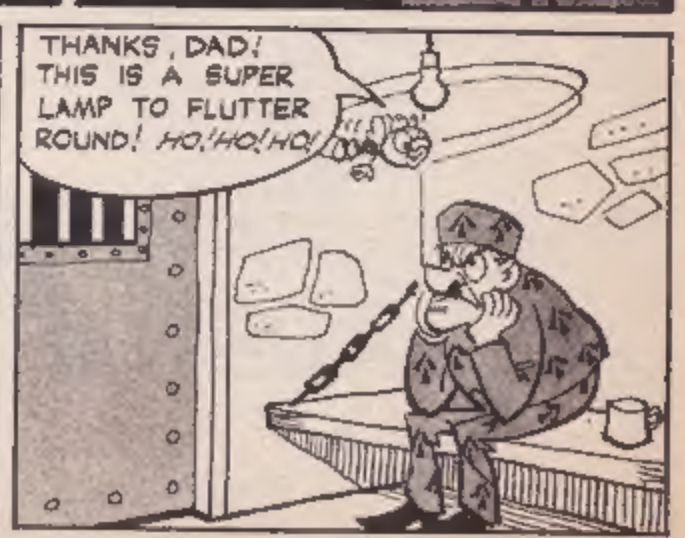
NOW IT'S GETTING DARK EARLIER I CAN CON'T OUT FOR A NICE FLUTTER AROUND THE STREET LAMP.
JUST LOOK AT HIM OUT THERE! THIS MAY BE MY CHANCE TO GET HIM!











Things get hot for Dad next week when he burns some leaves!

BEETLE BAILEY

I LOVE DOING THE SPUD-BASHING AND FATIGUE LISTS! I THINK I'LL TAKE THEM BACK TO MY HUT AND WORK LATE ON THEM!
TAKING SOME WORK HOME WITH YOU, SARGE?
NOT REALLY WORK, SIR! JUST SOMETHING I LIKE DOING!
SPUD-BASHING LISTS!
WHEW! IT'S PAST MY BED-TIME, BUT I'M GLAD I GOT THESE FINISHED!
BEETLE! PUT THIS UP ON THE NOTICE BOARD FOR ME!
IT'S ALWAYS THE SAME, ZERO! YOU SPILL THE DRAWING PINS ON THE FLOOR AND I CAN'T FIND ONE TO PIN SARGE'S LIST UP WITH!
IT'S NO USE, I CAN'T FIND ANY PINS! I'LL HAVE TO GET SARGE TO HELP, AS USUAL!
SARGE!... I CAN'T FIND ANY DRAWING PINS!
OH, NO! NOT AGAIN... LOOK AROUND FOR ONE!
I STILL CAN'T FIND A DRAWING PIN, SARGE!
I'LL FIND ONE!... EVERY WEEK WE HAVE THIS, BAILEY!
HERE GOES!
YOW!
IT'S NOT FAIR! YOU HAVE BIGGER FEET THAN ME!

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Make a date for Beetle's diary next week!

ORLANDO has been kidnapped by an eccentric Baron, who lives a medieval life, in a remote castle. The Baron informs Orlando he wants him to break into the Tower of London. Orlando refuses and tries to escape. However, he is caught and taken to the torture chamber...

I ONLY TRIED TO ESCAPE... SURELY YOU'RE N-NOT GOING TO TORTURE ME?

CERTAINLY NOT! WE'RE CIVILIZED PEOPLE... MR. FISK MERELY KEEPS THE CHAMBER NEAT AND TIDY...

...HE'S REALLY THE CASTLE'S COOK...

WHAT A RELIEF!

...WHICH BRINGS ME TO YOUR PUNISHMENT FOR TRYING TO ESCAPE.

COME, ORLANDO, YOU WILL FOLLOW ME TO THE KITCHENS!

A LITTLE LATER...

...WE HAD A BANQUET LAST NIGHT. FOR YOUR PUNISHMENT YOU MAY DO ALL THE WASHING-UP!

YOU REALLY ARE CRAZY! THIS WHOLE PLACE IS UP THE WALL!

OKAY, I GIVE IN! I'LL BREAK INTO THE TOWER FOR YOU!

GOOD! SPLENDID! I KNEW YOU WOULD DO AS I ASKED!

THIS IS A PLAN OF THE TOWER... I WANT YOU TO BREAK INTO THIS CELL...

WHY?

...A ROYAL PARCHMENT IS HIDDEN IN THE WALL, IT WILL CLEAR THE NAME OF MY GREAT ANCESTOR, WHO WAS WRONGLY ACCUSED OF TREASON!

NOW I UNDERSTAND! FOR A MINUTE I THOUGHT YOU WANTED ME TO STEAL THE CROWN JEWELS!

SO THAT NIGHT, ORLANDO SET OUT TO BURGLE THE TOWER OF LONDON...

THAT BARON IS A STRANGE OLD BIRD... BUT HE ONLY WANTS ME TO HELP CLEAR HIS FAMILY NAME!

IF I'M CAUGHT, THEY'LL NEVER BELIEVE I'M DOING A NICE OLD BARON A GOOD TURN!

IF IT EVER GETS OUT I BROKE INTO THE TOWER, I'D BE THE MOST FAMOUS CROOK OF ALL TIME!

ACCORDING TO THE PLANS, I SHOULDN'T BE FAR FROM THE CELL WHERE THE PARCHMENT IS!

OH, NO! THEY'RE ONTO ME!

...THIS IS WHERE I GET MYSELF BEHEADED!

...on the Rediffusion network production

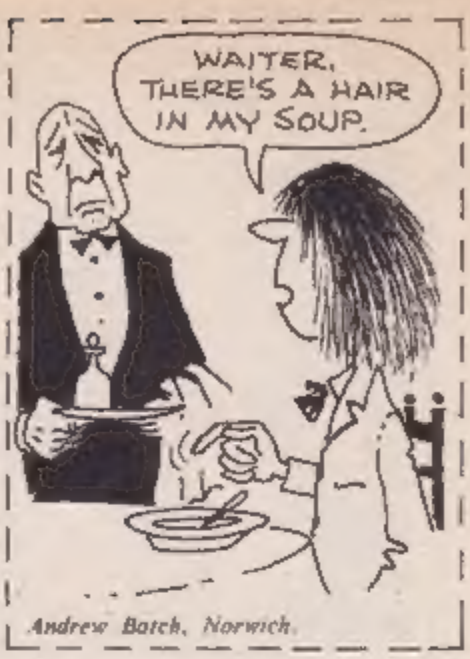
Is there no escape for Orlando? See next week!

PICK OF THE JOKES

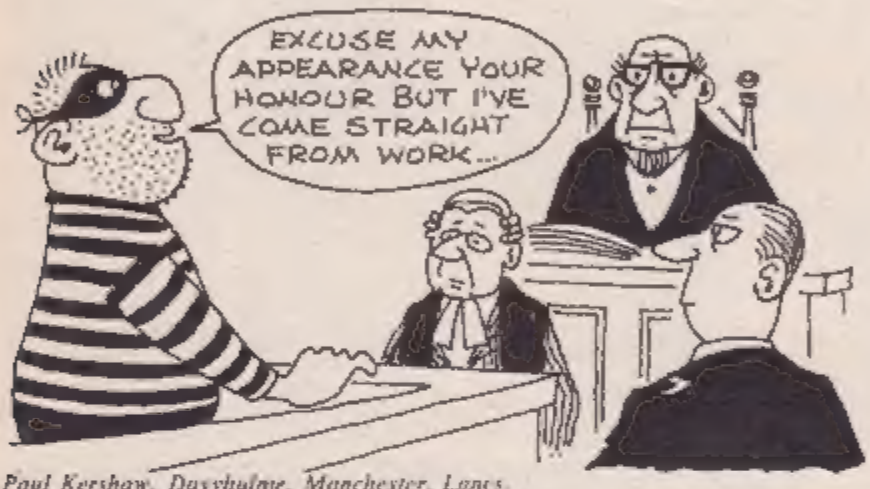
Win a £1. Readers of TV COMIC are invited to send in original jokes. Send your joke on a postcard stating your age, name and address to: The Editor, TV COMIC, TV Publications Ltd., 37/39 High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

770 *Terry McCann, Middlesbrough, Yorkshire.* NEVILLE MAIN

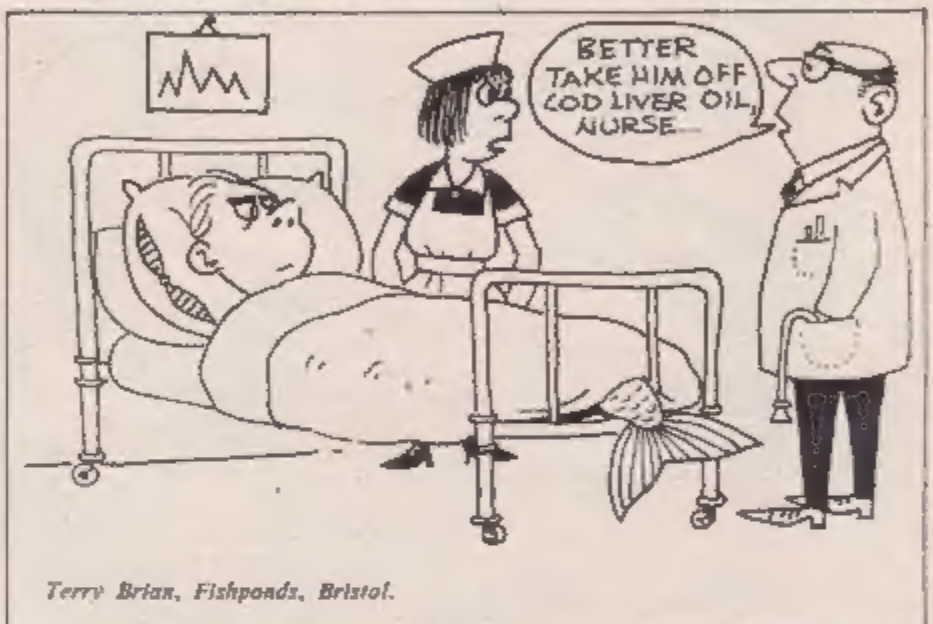
Jeffrey Wolton, Colchester, Essex.



Andrew Batch, Norwich.



Paul Kershaw, Davyhulme, Manchester, Lancs.



Terry Brian, Fishponds, Bristol.

Step this way . . .

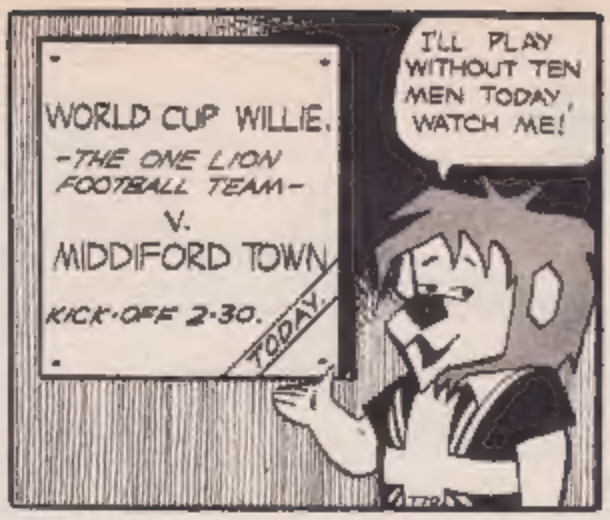
. . . for a wonderful annual!

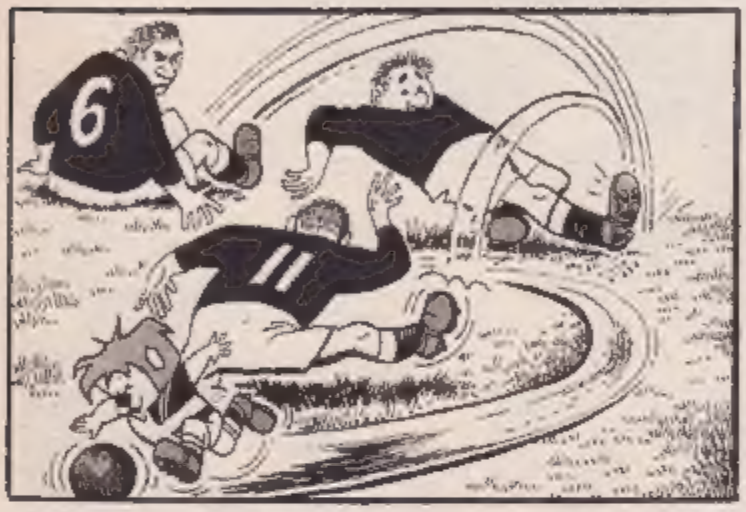
Packed with colourful pages of fun, thrills and adventure. You will find all your regular TV Comic favourites here, plus pages of jokes, puzzles and stories.

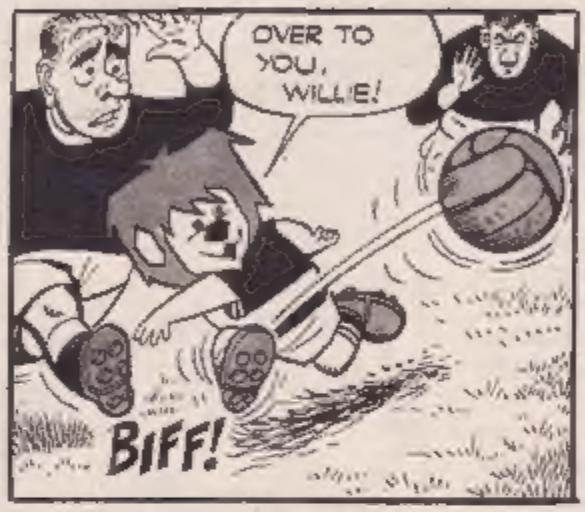
ON SALE NOW, price 9/6d.

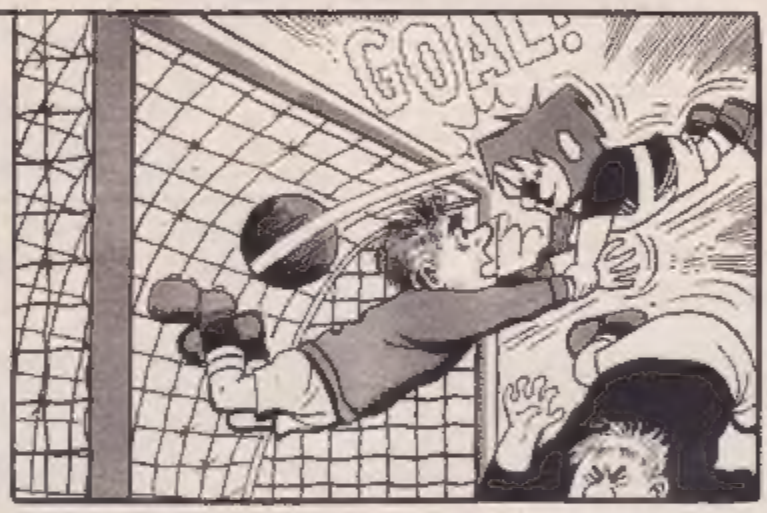
Bassett's Bassett's Bassett's

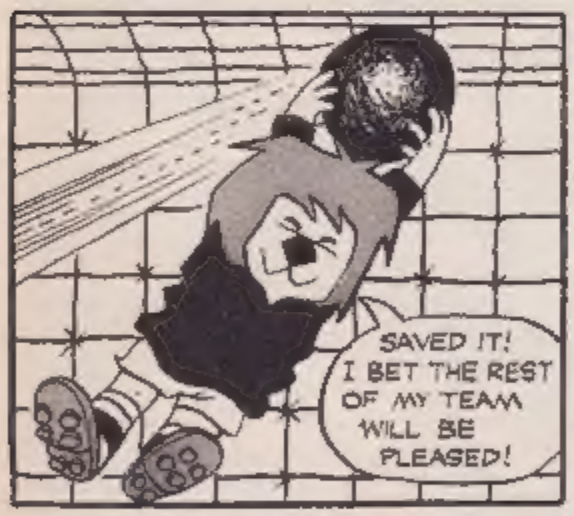
WILLIE

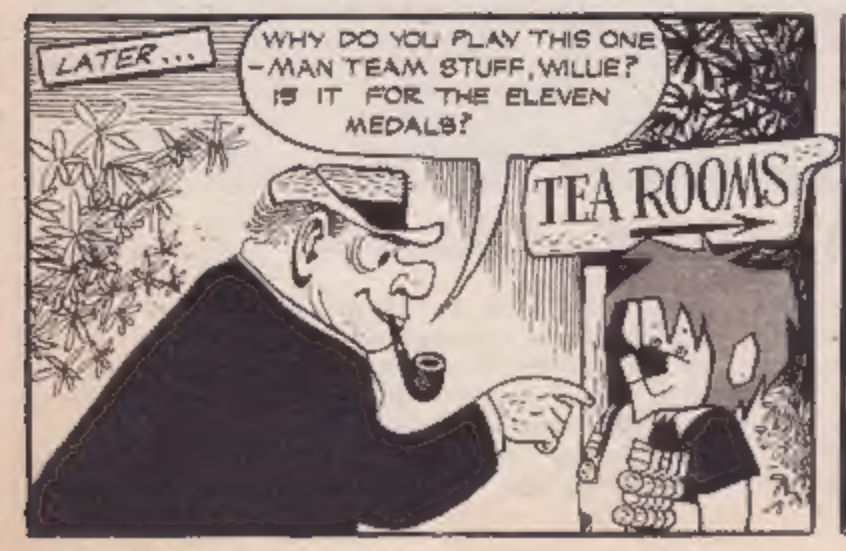








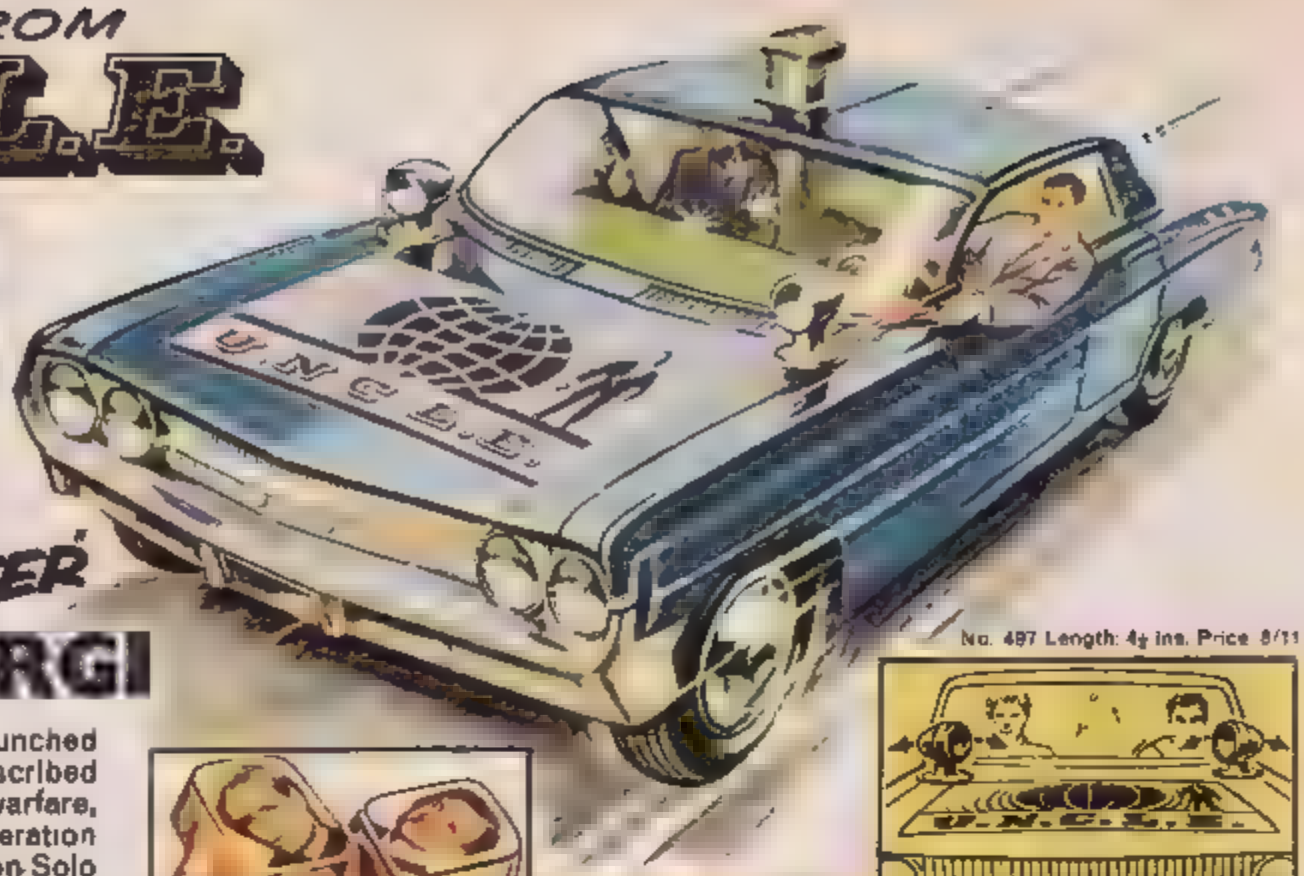




© Football Association, 1966.

More football fun with Willie next week!

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E.



'THRUSH BUSTER' by CORGI

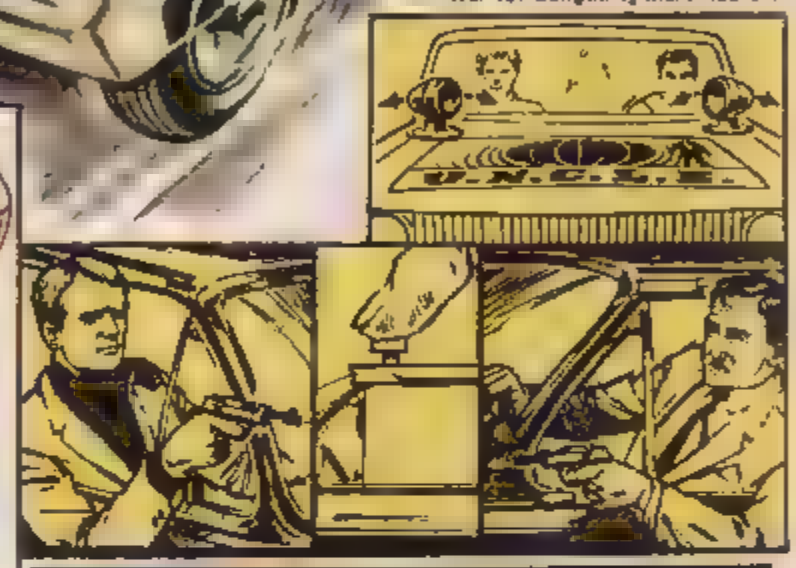
No. 497 Length: 4¼ ins. Price 8/11

At last the secret is out. Corgi have launched a death-dealing car to crush Thrush. Described as the 'ultimate weapon' in crime warfare, it is the result of a combined operation between top U.N.C.L.E. agents Napoleon Solo and Illya Kuryakin—*and* Corgi.

SPOTLIGHT AND PERISCOPE Based on an Oldsmobile chassis, it has adjustable spotlights on the bonnet—useful for dazzling the enemy. On the roof is a rear-view periscope—but there's more to it than meets the eye.

FIRING GUNS WITH NOISE Seated in front are Napoleon and Illya. But not for long. At the touch of a secret switch first Napoleon leans out of the window and fires his gun—followed by Illya. You get the crackle of gunshots too.

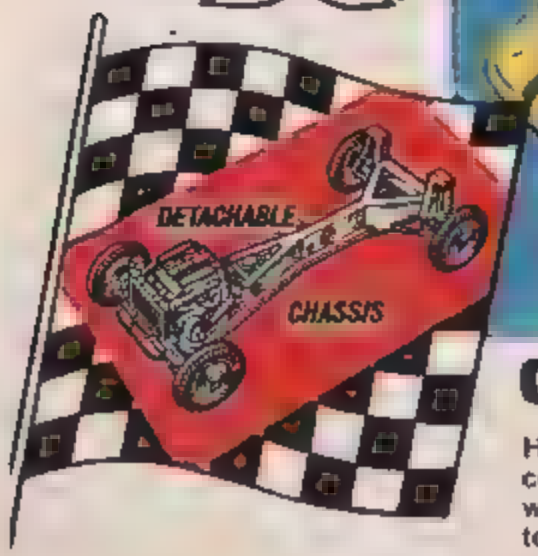
FREE WAVERLY RING
The 'Thrush-Buster' is now in your toyshop. Be the first to enrol with U.N.C.L.E. All Corgi U.N.C.L.E. agents must wear the Waverly Ring (there's one with each model)—which can be used to 'call up' Napoleon or Illya in an emergency.



SEE THEM AT YOUR LOCAL TOY AND MODEL SHOP **NOW**

CORGI TOYS ALWAYS WITH IT

ANOTHER FABULOUS CORGI 'FIRST'!



CORGI GIFT SET 37 LOTUS RACING TEAM

Here's a set to thrill every motor racing fan! A complete outfit for a Lotus team manager. Volkswagen tender with towing gear and detailed tool-kit, a Lotus-Climax Formula 1 racing car, and two sporty Lotus Elans, one open and the other with a hard-top. And look—both these Elans have a *completely detachable engine and chassis unit*, just like the real cars, with every detail perfectly reproduced in miniature. There's also a spare chassis unit on a trailer. Every other detail is here—there's even a set of bollards, so you can build your own chicane. Get into top gear now and race to your Corgi shop! Price 35/6

THE AVENGERS

STEED and Mrs. Peel are on the track of a villain known as Wander the Wizard who is causing British scientists to disappear out of the country. Wander has made Mrs. Peel disappear as well, and Steed has found her unconscious in a coffin . . .

Published by arrangement with ABC Television Limited.

Will Jacko get the drop on our heroes? See next week!

THE TELEGOONS

IN

SHIFTING SAND GOONS

"MY NAME IS NEDDIE SEAGOON, CHIEF PARKING METER ATTENDANT. ONE DAY MY TWO ASSISTANTS AND I WERE WANDERING ALONG WITH NOTHING TO DO WHEN SUDDENLY..."

LOOK! HE'S 30 SECONDS OVERDUE!

ACTION AT LAST!

DA...LET'S STICK A TICKET ON HIS CAR!

OH, WELL, THAT BIT OF EXCITEMENT IS OVER!

YES. THE PARKING METER ATTENDANT'S LIFE IS A DULL ONE!

LATER... HEY! LOOK AT THIS ADVERT! 'PARKING METER ATTENDANTS WANTED FOR THE SAHARA DESERT. APPLY, SHEIKH ALEG, WADI HAFTA. PHONE: SAHARA DESERT 3752.'

SO...

THREE MEN FOR THE JOB, YOUR HIGHNESS!

VERY SMART. JUST WHAT I NEED. I WANT YOU TO GO OUT INTO THE DESERT AND CHARGE 6D PER HOUR TO ANYONE WHO PARKS THERE!

I NEED MONEY BADLY. I'M DOWN TO 300 WIVES AND HAVENT BOUGHT A NEW CAR IN A FORTNIGHT! BE OFF AND COLLECT THE CASH!

LATER...

LET US REST A WHILE, AHMED, THE CAMELS ARE TIRED!

RIGHT! 52 CAMELS AT 6D PER HOUR! PUT YOUR MONEY IN THE METER—SHEIKH ALEG'S ORDERS!

ARE YOU CRAZY? FOR CENTURIES MY PEOPLE HAVE TRAVELLED THIS TRAIL!

THIS TIME SHEIKH ALEG HAS GONE TOO FAR! I THE GREAT HAROO, HAWK OF THE DESERT, WILL OVERTHROW HIM AND THE COUNTRY WILL BE MINE!

BUT HOW? IT WOULD NEED A GREAT ARMY TO BEAT THE SHEIKH!

I WILL REPLY TO THIS ADVERT IN TODAY'S 'ARAB TIMES'...

HIRE A PRIVATE ARMY FOR ALL OCCASIONS.

IDEAL FOR WARS, RIOTS, FOOTBALL MATCHES, ETC.

APPLY:—
GRITPYPE-THYNNE, FRED'S CARAVAN SITE, CRUMBLEY, SUSSEX.

NEAREST PHONE BOX: CRUMBLEY 2275

SO... IT IS ALL ARRANGED! THEY INVADE TOMORROW! BY EVENING I WILL BE IN THE PALACE AND THE TREASURES OF WADI HAFTA WILL BE MINE!

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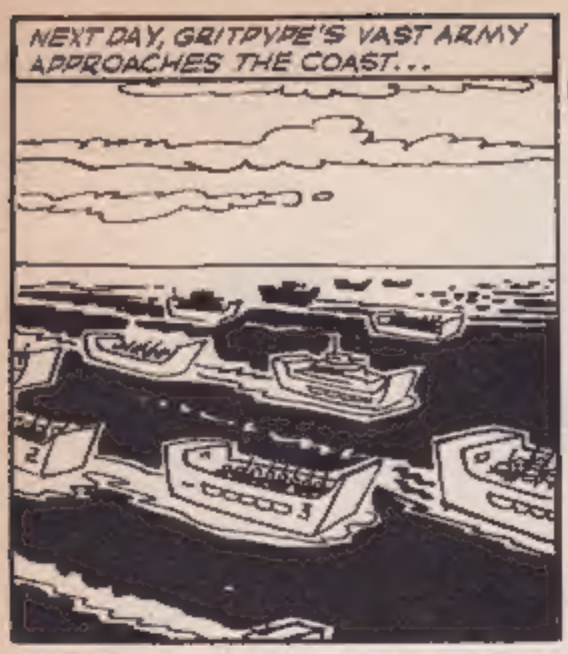
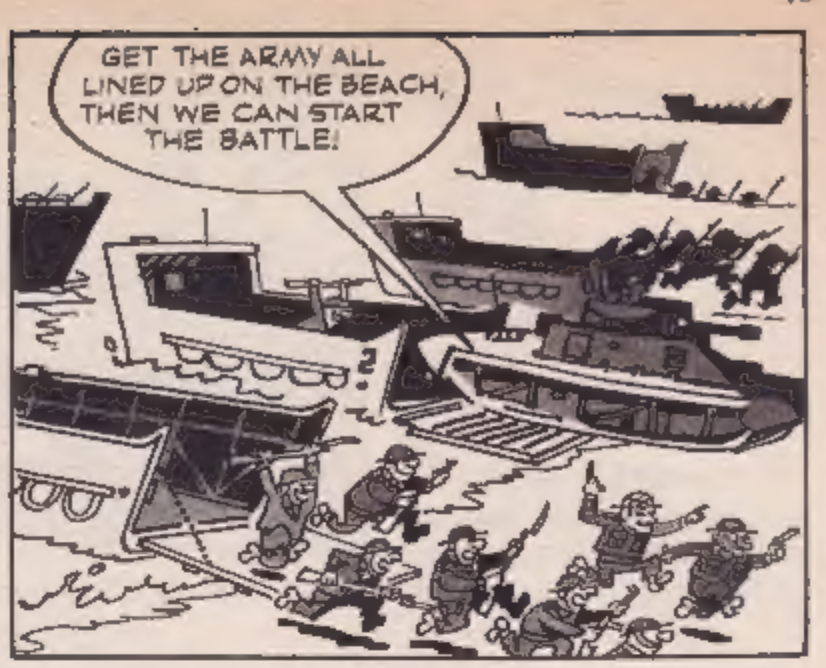
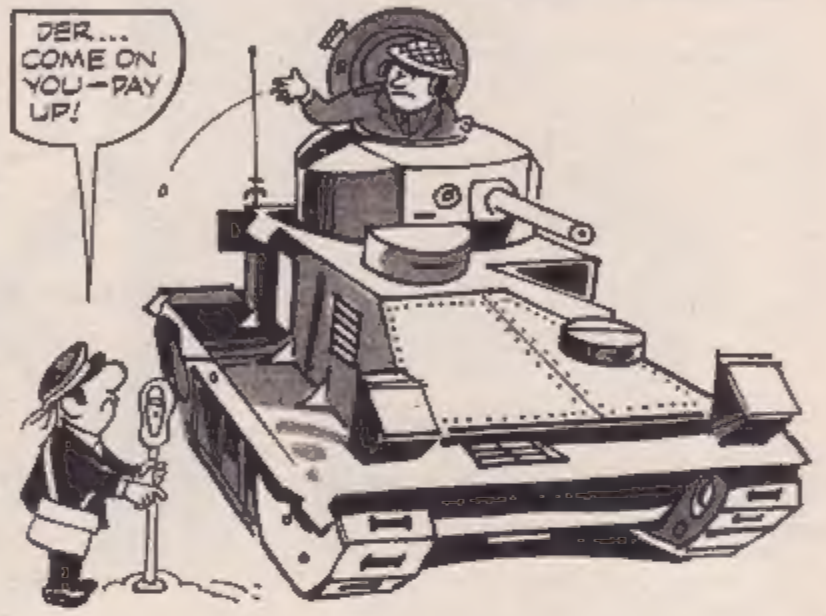
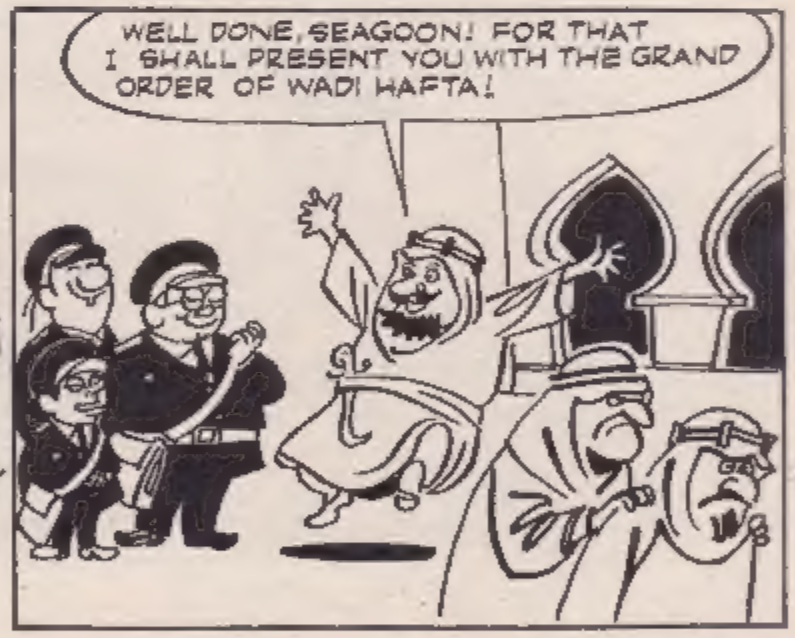
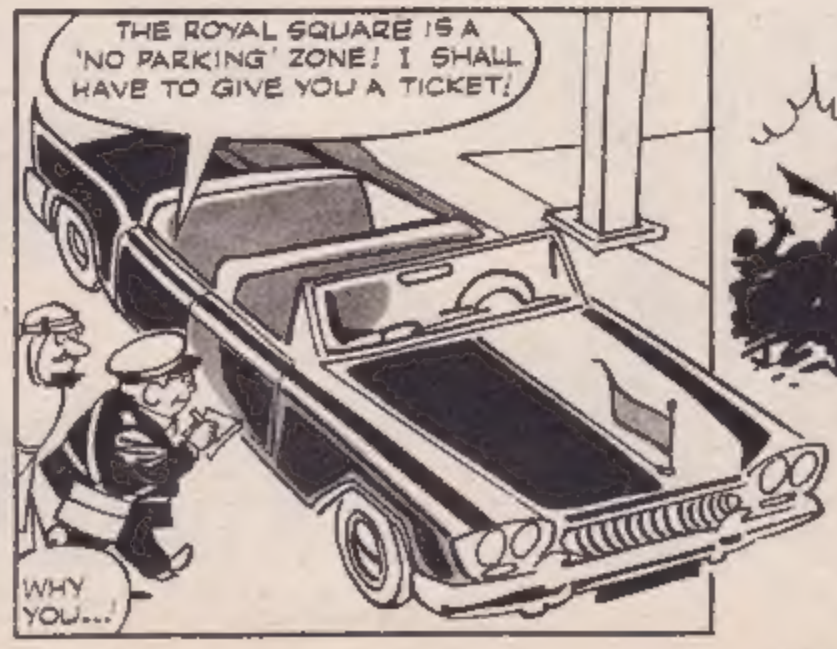










Gales of goonish giggles next week!

The Secret Sign of the Ladybird Adventure Club

You too will be a member if you wear Ladybird clothes —like millions of boys and girls all over the world.

From their hiding-place Johnny and Brenda watched the Redfoot Indians. Big Chief Leaping Salmon ascends the buffalo-skin throne.

"At dawn tomorrow the Paleface will be sacrificed to the river gods . . ."

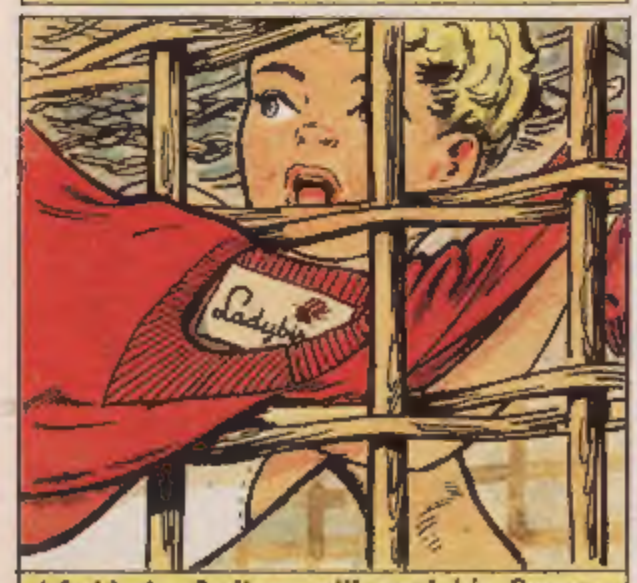
". . . or they will not send the salmon into our nets!"

"Bring the cage forward!"

Richard still hopes that his Ladybird Sweater will be seen by a rescuer.

The cage is placed in front of Big Chief Leaping Salmon.

"What is that strange thing?" demands the Chief.



Afraid the Indians will steal his Sweater Richard pulls it back into the cage.

"All is ready for the sacrifice, O mighty Chief!" says the medicine man.

"Richard was signalling with the Sweater— we must save him from a terrible death!"